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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Will They
Carry
Alger?

Do the Republican leaders think they can carry the load of Algerism through the campaign? Such a thing seems incredible, but there are indications that such an attempt may be made.

The Republican State Convention of Michigan has just adopted a platform in which it says:

We endorse our honored Secretary of War, and commend his conscientious, patriotic and unselfish devotion to the honor of the nation and the welfare of the army. We denounce the unjust attacks made on him and offer him our undivided support and confidence.

In the New Jersey State Convention yesterday Attorney-General Crittens declared that "for rapidity and faultlessness of execution" our operations in the Spanish war had "never been equalled since war began upon the earth," and added:

I do not speak of that other item which certain newspapers and others are trying to make the leading issue of the Democratic campaign. Forgetting the glory, the achievement, the success with which an army of 200,000 men was raised out of nothing and a hostile nation almost wiped out in ninety days, they are hovering like buzzards over the battlefields and hospitals and graveyards, looking only for the misery and suffering and death which are inevitable in war. Surely the Democratic party has not been reduced so low in its supply of proper subjects for political division as to need to rely upon yellow fever and yellow literature.

But while his infatuated partisans are exulting in their shame Secretary Alger is having a more unpleasant experience. He is hearing some plain truths, not from "sensational newspapers," but from responsible army officers of high rank. When the Secretary had assembled the commanding officers of General Sanger's division for an exchange of compliments, military conventionalities were thrown aside, and the shameful facts about the mismanagement at Chickamauga were thrust into his reluctant face. Said General Sanger:

Sir, your chief cook and bottle-washer down there (I refer to Dr. Huldeke) was nothing but the very rankest sort of veterinary surgeon. He did not know the meaning of disinfectant. I gave orders for materials and could not get what I wanted. I sent requisition after requisition, and none of them was received. Finally I sent a tart request, and received the reply that such stuff was not needed.

This horse doctor, who did not know the meaning of disinfectants, was intrusted by the Administration with the lives of from 35,000 to 50,000 American soldiers. He was given that position by political influence over the heads of men abreast of the latest advances of medical and surgical science.

Brigadier-General Wiley told the Secretary that "the neglect to furnish supplies was criminal," and cited instances in which the things most essential to the health of the soldiers were refused by the War Department. "You worked the men to death at Chickamauga," continued the General.

By, sir, these men were drilled from five to six hours each day in the sun, and when they fell there were no stretchers, litter bearers or ambulances to carry them away.

Hundreds of cases the poor fellows were forced to lie in the broiling sun without attention. It was criminal negligence not to have a sufficient number of litter bearers and stretchers.

The reason these men were not on hand was that every available man doctor or nurse had been taken away from the commands and placed at division hospitals.

If we had a man at Chickamauga who understood his business," said Colonel Leonard, "and not a veterinary surgeon, we might have had a healthy camp. The horse doctor you had down there, Mr. Secretary—The disclosures that were about to bubble forth were averted by the suppression of Colonel Leonard at this point.

And to all this Secretary Alger offers the astounding defence:

I want to say that had the War Department been acquainted with the conditions said to have existed at Chickamauga, the troops there would have been moved long before they were.

We received only good reports at Washington from the commanding officers, and it was supposed that the outside reports were exaggerated.

That is to say, Mr. Alger's official machinery is so hopelessly incompetent that the work it ought to do has to be done by the "sensational press," but for whose interference the Secretary would never have known of a state of affairs in his department that was carrying misery and death through our armies.

And this is what the Republican party is seriously thinking of defending through an entire campaign.

CRITICAL SITUATION ON THE HANNAHORN.



"I Can't Hold On Much Longer, and if I Cut the Rope We're Both Gone."

MALIGNING
A
NOBLE WORK.

The following card was recently published in a New York paper:

Why is somebody allowed to maintain an ugly shanty in City Hall Park for the sale of milk? That little breathing space is much too small anyhow, and if it be necessary to give room to a milk pedler, why not compel him to put up a more comely and appropriate building for the purpose?

PARK LOVER.

The spirit in which this unwarranted attack was printed is most unworthy. The "ugly shanty" is one of the many milk booths erected and maintained by Mr. Nathan Straus, where a large glass of pure milk is dispensed, without profit, at one cent. This noble charity has been an inestimable blessing to thousands during the heat of summer.

When newspapers give space to such malicious assaults as this they deserve to lose the confidence of the people, and they infallibly get their deserts.

A
JOCKEY'S
LESSON.

Tod Sloane, the American jockey, has signalized his return to England by winning one out of three races. This is below his average. He will do better. That he can teach the English riders something was demonstrated last year, when his career abroad was a succession of triumphs.

This young man weighs only ninety pounds. But he has muscles of steel, a keen eye and a level head. He is first in his profession. His salary is three times that of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. And he earns it, for his skill and judgment not infrequently land stakes worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000.

We can't all be premier jockeys, and have the lime-light constantly thrown on us, but each of us can strive to be first past the post in the race of life, feeling assured that the possession of great talent in any calling means great rewards.

QUESTIONS
FOR
MR. PLATT.

Now, Mr. Colonel Platt, and have you him, what sort of a man is he? That is a problem.

you pause. Even one so versed in political approach this question with some degree of po-

Will the Republican Convention, under your administration of Governor Black, when it refuses to give him a renomination?

Or will it condemn the canal steals and the other have marked Republican rule, and thereby seek to a clamor by making a vicarious sacrifice of the Governor the Republican party is responsible?

Governor Black cannot be commended without giving to your heartless desertion of him, and at the same time a tacit endorsement of the canal steal. He cannot be commended without condemning yourself.

Before you decide to seize either horn of the dilemma other pitfalls to be bridged.

Will you permit the convention to endorse the National traitor's conduct of the war, in the face of the incompetency has made every camp a deadly pest-hole? How can you public horror at the dread spectacle of a peace that was a than war?

Surely you are not going to run Mr. Roosevelt on his and yet ignore your party's conduct of the war.

Will your aggregation of delegates, a great majority delight to wear your collar, follow the national platform out for civil service reform when Governor Black has committed party in this State to a rejection of that policy. The Governor been bold enough to say that he would "take the starch of civil service." You must know that Mr. Roosevelt is a civil service reformer. Will the party or the candidate be to recant?

In dealing with the question of sumptuary laws will you plank in the platform endorsing Mr. Roosevelt's tyrannical plonship of the Raines law, and point with pride to his harassment of the people of New York City, or will you the people and snub your candidate?

And how about economy in public affairs? Isn't taxation than it has ever been? How can you repeat that time boast of a low tax rate? The farmers will miss it.

The Journal hasn't the remotest idea, Mr. Platt, that the ingly insupportable difficulties will annoy you in the doubt you will dispose of them as easily as you brushed as error Black's presumptive ambition.

It will be interesting, however, to read the ingenious evasion must mark every line of a platform dictated by you to fit tion so peculiar as the present one.

ITALY'S
SUCCESSFUL
FOLLY.

The new Italian cruiser Puglia, successfully launched at Taranto on day.

Italy is impoverished. Re were bread riots in Milan which the soldiery subdued.

King's soldiers and all the King's men cannot sub riots in the hearts of the millions of peasants and are to-day, at this moment, suffering for want of

The ambition and the fears of King Umberto, aspire to a place in the world's affairs which his n rant and his merits do not deserve. The people suffer.

Day by day Italy is falling lower and lower in the scale tions. Dissatisfaction with the Government grows stro every side. Yet all the while poor, benighted Italy goes on "successfully launching" new war ships. Is it not as is wicked?

What Italy needs is a good-natured commission de lun quirendo to look after its government and turn some of the ships into ferryboats.

MR. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE'S IDEA of our proper Philippi is to wash our hands of the whole affair and leave Aginaldo and lards to fight it out "according to the pleasant methods of both, or words, with the largest possible allowance of outrage and pillage, slaughter of non-combatants or prisoners to a minimum of fair play. It is hardly necessary to add that the author of this broad-minded manlike and humane programme is a typical Mugwump.

SAID WISE OLD OMAR:

The moving finger writes, and having writ, Moves on, nor all your Piety nor Wit Can lure it back to cancel half a Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Don't you find that waddy trip, Colonel Roosevelt? What would to wash out your record as Police Commissioner?

THE GROCER BLOCKADE

STEPHEN CRANE INVESTIGATES HAVANA'S FALL.

THE Spaniard is evidently an epigrammatic person. He makes a serious attempt to reduce every thing to basis of one line. Sometimes but more often he hits it. He is now saying, "We were by the war ships; we were grocers." It is quite true the blockade was declared at Havana, stirred by a desire to the occasion and needed to the life out of the people. It was a that some sensible person did not ally about rearranging matters with but no one did so, and the grocers put the war continued to grace- large the public pockets.

Spain's order establishing a standard of reasonable prices had no effect upon them. Before war was declared they put into hiding a large amount of stock. War came, and soon they declared that they had nothing to sell. Their stores were all empty. They had nothing; no, not so much as a pound of rice. The war had ruined them. Ah! those devils of Americans, thus to torment the honest grocers. In time, however, wealthy citizens might be seen wearing their way with much gold to secret conferences with a grocer. Oh, no. Impossible! At no price! A pound of bread is worth more than a pound of gold. It is impossible. Well, if I sell some to you I would have to take it probably from the mouths of my own children, who are in danger of starving. A little, a very little, yes, perhaps.

Thereupon ensued the spectacle of a respectable citizen digging into his own bowels for gold to buy a little of the flour which the grocer had cleverly made to appear like pounded punice stone.

Of course, in all wars there is invariably a class of patriots who seize their commercial opportunities to trade upon the preoccupation, the consequent vulnerability of people who are deeply engaged with

the palpable facts of the conflict. Doubtless during the civil war in America our particular breed of suttlers defended themselves in argument on the purest, most virtuous business lines. It was not until afterward that the people got their sense of proportion adjusted truly and saw that the system usually operated as a crime. And by that time the individual culprit was safely blurred in a sentimental resentment against a class. In the end, the affair was mainly a joke.

The grocers here were forced to play a bolder game. Upon the news of the raising of the blockade the market slumped from under them. The people simply refused to pay so much. They evidently felt capable of enduring until the supply ships came. The time of arrival of the supply ships was not known.

And now the grocers, as men with honest faces, were in a fair quandary. They would either have to give themselves away as cheats and lower prices and sell stocks as fast as possible, or—they would have to lose money.

What did they do? Did they lose money, like men who would care for an appearance of consistency, or did they give themselves away rather than lose a centavo? In one day they lowered the price of rice 60 per cent. They lowered other staples proportionately. There had been no influx to the market. There had been simply a rumor that the blockade was about to be raised.

It was shameless. Our chill-blooded Northern race would have hung each grocer to his own signboard. These people, so fiery, so dangerous in temper, so volcanic, alive with p-p-passion, they did nothing. They perhaps expended themselves in talk—which is not impossible to their nature. They made an epigram: "We were not blockaded by the war ships; we were blockaded by the grocers." At any rate, one must admit that it is a good epigram.

STEPHEN CRANE.

THE OUTLAWS OF NEW YORK.

M'DOUGALL ANALYZES THE MODERN ROBIN HOOD.

"AN OLD AGONY-WRINGER." "ALAN DALE'S TIT." "DAWN OF FREEDOM."

A WAY down the quiet side street as the glooming falls a little spark gleams, a flicker of light swiftly glows into a fierce blaze, while dark forms dance between you and the firelight with fantastic leaps and flourishes. The young policeman on the corner turns, sees it and keeping close to the buildings stealthily stalks his game, the boy outlaws of New York. He takes ten cat-like steps; a voice rings bell-like from somewhere in the twilight shadow, "Cheese it, de cop!" and the officer straightens up and marches, a majestic representative of law, toward the outlaws' camp fire, a blazing barrel, now well ignited, which he kicks half-way across the street, to the jeering accompaniment of the fleeing band.

On the next block the scene is repeated and again on the next, with variations, perhaps, in the capture of one or more of the



ROBIN HOOD'S CAMP FIRE.

law-defying culprits. Thus and so, from the Battery to Harlem and beyond, where, however, the real outlaw rarely appears except perhaps during a sudden foray upon some suburban farm tree or flower garden. The country does not produce this peculiar type—it is wholly city-bred.

There are fifteen thousand (perhaps fifty thousand, who knows?) of these Robin Hoods in our city, merry bands that defy law and order, who, having no rocky glen, no leafy bowers in quiet Greenwood, must perforce shelter in alcoves, hallways, lumber yards

Startling Reformation.

"Say," asked the Governor on meeting a warm admirer from a rural village, "has that necessary that I paroled at your request shown satisfactory evidences of reformation?"

"The very strongest possible, Governor. He's at the head of our volunteer fire company."—Detroit Free Press.

and vacant lots. Knights of the road they are, Ishmaels of the city desert, with every man's hand against them, theirs against every man. Driven off the sidewalks by officious janitors, "shooed" off by housekeepers, harried by the copper and the storekeeper, who rightly dreads him, the outlaw's life is one eternal flight, his hand the "middle of the road," indeed. If for a brief moment he rests upon some more or less paternal doorstep to conceal something more ingeniously villainous or more elaborately noisy he tempts fate in the shape of a mop or a broomstick, and this modern "wolfshound" is driven back to exile.

The lungs of the sea from the limbs of the deer and the eye of the eagle are his, therefore he is noisy, restless and roving. There are no King's deer to stalk, no pheasants to snare nor fat-headed sheriffs for these modern Robin Hoods and Frar Tukeys to cajole and bewilder, so they even must vent their surplus energy and general cunningness on the peanut vending "Glimmy," the lofty car conductor, and the humble, industrious street cleaner. This varied villainy is born of the moment and its impulse, the opportunity making the daily or hourly outbreak fitting, even necessary, to the outlaw's complete artistic success as a lawbreaker and a nuisance. From diving off the docks—a delightful, but, of course, heinous offense—to bathing in the public fountains—a daring piece of sacrilege; from ringing doorbells to smashing street lamps or upsetting a banana cart; from turning on the water in street hydrants to pulling a fire alarm, he runs the gamut of thrilling mischief making from daybreak until far toward midnight.

They are natural training schools of crime, these outdoor bands, whether on the East or West Side or in the palatial portions of the city, where they are better clothed and shod, but no less lawless and as limbed to the sullen "Dago" or the patient "Chink." Exiles alike from squalid tenements or cheerful homes, they waste the brief hours of boyhood in reckless mischief and idle folly.

The wondering visitor who stands amazed at the magnificence of the metropolis marvels and asks the cause. Why are thousands of healthy, intelligent boys and girls idling in the streets the living day?

It is because the greatest, proudest city

of America cannot furnish schools for all its children. It has its parks, aquariums, piers and speedways, parades, celebrations, charities and corrections, but it is a little shy on schools as yet.

Twenty thousand youngsters, with loving parents whose occupations or lack of education prevent their teaching their offspring themselves, are left to gather knowledge on our streets and find an education on our docks and vacant lots, and are thus left to grow up in mediæval ignorance, to join the army of half efficient or wholly useless men who throng our city, seeking employment or to evolve through the natural gradations from "gutter snipe" to corner rafter, from corner loafer to ward politician.

It is the politician of this genesis who cannot comprehend nor appreciate the need



LIFE IS ONE ETERNAL FLIGHT.

of schools nor the consequences of the lack of them. He can estimate the value of a speedway perhaps, but not the utility of the spelling class. Does this type of politician purposely oppose more schools? Perhaps he fears that educating our boys will produce a more intellectual and advanced type of politician that will, under the workings of the law of the survival of the fittest, eventually kill off the present crop of short-sighted and short-haired numbskulls.

Couldn't See an Opportunity.

He—Do you know that for the last hour I have been watching for a good chance to steal a kiss from you?

She—Indeed! Don't you think it might be well for you to consult an oculist?—Chicago Record.

The F v Bird.

"I don't mind these new reform ideas of the Emperor," said Li Hung Chang pen- sively; "but—"

"You resent the loss of your yellow jacket and peacock feathers?"

"I could go without them. I don't want any embellishments. This effort to decorate me with a bell punch and a cash register is what arouses my resentment."—Washington Star.

Warm.

"About the hottest thing I have seen lately," Asbury Peppers remarked, as he speared the best slice of melon, "was an old salt with a peppery temper who had just been mustered out."—Cincinnati Enquirer.